

Creating Fire

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Summary: Harry Potter remembers dying. Sawada Hisa remembers being reborn. AU where Harry dies and is reborn as Tsuna's older brother.

1. Prologue

****Creating Fire****

Prologue

_This chapter isn't edited in anyway, shape, or form.

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****Disclaimer:**** I do not own KHR, HP, or any of it's characters.

****Warnings:**** General.

****A/N:**** After reading ****The Eternal Scribe****'s story where Harry is reborn as Tsuna's older brother, I wanted to try it to. While I have a few ideas for this story, I have ideas for a lot of stories. So I'm just going to leave this here and probably go and drink myself to oblivion via Dr. Pepper.

(This is just a prologue, by the way. If I do continue, I'm making the chapters WAY longer.)

Enjoy.

* * *

><p>"There has to be a catch, right? Being given another chance doesn't come free!"

Harry Potter remembers dying.

Sawada Hisa remembers being reborn.

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Sawada Hisa was born on a rather cloudy day, on July 31st. He was a month early, and doctors knew he was sick. He had to be taken from worried parents, young and new parents, and be treated in order to keep him alive. When asked about what exactly was wrong with him, the doctors only shook their heads and said that they didn't know, but were treating it as fast as they could.

After a few weeks, they announced to stressed parents, "My apologies, he won't be able to live the way he is now. His body is just too weak."

A 19 year old Nana cried.

A 23 year old Iemitsu was desperate.

So, a few more days passed, and Iemitsu had left and returned with a grumbling doctor by his side. Shamal was grumbling under his breath, but followed Iemitsu anyways. Assuring the other doctors, and lead to a private room, Hisa was treated by the mysterious doctor.

When they emerged, Hisa was cleared to live. As much as a boy could live with such a weak body, that is. Iemitsu was holding Hisa, and crying, and Shamal looked very uncomfortable. "I don't have such tastes in men," Shamal said, being hugged fiercely by Iemitsu. "Let go!"

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," Iemitsu muttered. "Nana needs to know," he turned and almost had to force himself to stop running. Hisa was no longer hooked up to those terrible machines, Hisa was no longer on the verge of death, Hisa was going to be okay!

Nana was overjoyed. Iemitsu was downright ecstatic.

Later, in hushed tones and out of prying eyes, Iemitsu turned serious and asked, "What's wrong with him?" Shamal only sighed, running a hand through his hair. Shamal had only agreed to this because he was a young hitman, and while smart and a doctor, he was still young, and Vongola was able to offer protection.

"It's the first time I have ever seen a case like this," Shamal admitted, though to be fair, he hadn't seen that many cases. "He doesn't have a dying will flame."

"What? How's that possible?" Iemitsu sputtered, worry filling his chest. "Everyone has a dying will flame!"

"Well, he doesn't," Shamal snapped back. "I gave him some of mine. My Mist Flames should be able to cause his body to think it has them, and should be able to run. But that still doesn't mean his body won't be weak, and it's a very delicate balance." Shamal sighed. "He should be able to live normally, just a bit...sick. I'm already working on creating pills that should be able to keep recreating my Mist Flames inside him too keep up the illusion. But without them..."

Iemitsu's serious eyes were burning into him, and he pressed, "Without them?"

"His body will just shut down." Shamal rubbed his eyes. God, he was so tired. Being woken up in another country in the middle of the night, being flown overseas, and working on a patient as complex as this was just so exhausting. "The pills I'm working on will need to be taken often, and if he misses a dose, it'll damage his body if he doesn't get the proper treatment and dosage corrected soon."

"Pills..." Iemitsu muttered. They were going to have to manually smash them up and put them into Hisa's food until he was old enough to understand choking hazards and were able to swallow them safely. "Do you think there can be a cure? Or something?"

"Or something," Shamal said dryly. "This is the best solution I can come up with. If we try recreating flames inside him via flame transplant or the like, he'll most likely die from shock. This is the safest option."

The two men were quiet after that. Iemitsu was just happy that his little son was alive, and would be well enough to return home with him and Nana. Shamal was just thinking about what an unlucky bastard Hisa was for being born without a flame.

"Hisa," Shamal finally said, breaking the silence. "Why Hisa? Isn't that a girl's name?" As if Hisa needed more things to feel bad about, Shamal thought dryly. Iemitsu grinned at him, former somberity forgotten.

"Hisa is a girl's name, yes," Iemitsu confirmed. "I was going to name him Hideyoshi. But seeing as of that he was sickly, both Nana and I agreed to give him the name Hisa. It means long-lasting, and it's actually quite common to name those who are sickly feminine names. Don't worry, when he gets to adulthood, we'll see about changing his name," Iemitsu said good naturedly.

When he gets to adulthood. Not if, but when.

If was never an option, not if Iemitsu had a say in it.

-0-0-0-

Two years later, Iemitsu and Nana had another child.

Hisa was in the same hospital.

"This is your baby brother, Hisa-kun!" Nana and Iemitsu were in Hisa's hospital room, and Hisa was staring at the bundle in his lap. "His name is Tsunayoshi, isn't he cute?" Nana giggled, sitting beside Hisa and cuddling his side.

"..."Hisa squinted at the squishy baby, briefly wondering if he looked as squishy and red. "Tsunayoshi?" He repeated, the best he could. He was still learning Japanese, and it didn't help that he was so sickly in this life. He was always cold, and sometimes, he relapsed for no reason.

"You're a big brother now, Hisa-kun!" Papa said, brightly. "Aren't you happy?"

No, not really. He was sick. How could he be a proper big brother if he was so sick?

In his previous life as Harry Potter, who was an orphan, he'd often wonder what would happen if he had siblings. If he was a younger brother, he'd have a cooler older sibling who would look out for him, and would brag about him to all of their friends, never ashamed to be related to him. If he was an older brother, he'd be able to look after his younger sibling with body and soul, never be ashamed of them, and love them unconditionally.

How could he look out after his younger brother in this body?

Hisa only smiled at his parents, holding Tsunayoshi closer to his body. He'll do the best he could, Hisa resolved. He had to try.

"I'm happy."

-0-0-0-0-

"Everything has a catch."

At 5 years old, Sawada Hisa was at a predicament.

Currently, in the beginning month of Kindergarten, their teacher was letting them draw anything they wanted to keep them occupied. Hisa was drawing a picture for his little brother, who loved all things bright and happy. It was a picture of a rainbow, and it's colors were almost done except...

Except purple.

He didn't have that.

Glancing around, Hisa saw the only one who had purple in the vicinity was none other than Hibari Kyoya. In order to promote good social interaction and learning how to be nice, the teacher put everyone into a 'coloring group' with the freedom to draw anything they wanted, and only had one set of crayons to use. It was supposed to promote learning how to share.

Hisa approached Kyoya, resolved to finish his picture for his younger brother.

Kyoya glared at him. "Herbivore," he hissed in his very own way of acknowledgment, narrowed grey eyes eying him in distaste. "What do you want?" Hisa only tilts his head, scratching his cheek sheepishly.

"Are you using that crayon?" Hisa points at the purple crayon in question. Kyoya's eyes flick to it, squinting at it, before he settles another haughty look at Hisa.

"No."

"...Can I use it, then?"

"No."

"..."

Hisa blinked, and almost wanted to laugh at how blunt Kyoya was. Kyoya had returned to coloring his rather violent for a 5 year old drawing, apparently having deemed him boring now. While normally, Hisa would just shrug and walk away...

Hisa's eyes flicker back to his own secluded table, the picture of a rainbow unfinished and mocking him from the distance. "I just need it for a second," Hisa pressed, and Kyoya snapped the crayon in his hand in half. Using his fingers. Wow. Hisa was...moderately impressed. Slightly terrified, but impressed.

"No," Kyoya ground out, teeth bared at him. "Now go away."

"No," Hisa tossed back at him, crossing his arms stubbornly. Two can play this game, and Hisa remembers distinctly that in his previous life that he was quite the stubborn arse as well. "I want to use that crayon. I'll return it, if you want. I just need it for a moment or two."

"I said no," Kyoya insisted back, looking like he was ready to snap Hisa's neck the same way he did the crayon. "It's mine."

"And I want to borrow it."

"And I don't want you to have it."

"...Please?"

Kyoya snarled in response, and lunged.

Thirty minutes later, both of them were in the school's infirmary, waiting to get their bruises and scratches treated. Afterwards, the fuming teacher warned them, they will march straight down to the principal's office and get a lecture there. "Your parents will be very disappointed," and stuff like that was thrown around. Kyoya only eyed her, before tossing his head and apparently dismissing her like an annoying insect. Hisa only pressed his fingers together sheepishly, cheek and jaw aching. A lot of things ached, actually.

Kyoya wouldn't stop glaring at him the whole while, while his father's hand clamped on his shoulder and lead him away. Nana only tittered, and rubbed Hisa's hair. "You're making friends, Hisa-kun~" Nana cooed, "Mama's so proud." Hisa only smiled wanly at her, knowing that he could become a full out brat and she'd be proud. She'd be proud that he'd be doing stuff, like a normal boy, instead of being her 'sickly little Hisa-chan', on the verge of relapse, and spending another stay at the hospital.

She'd be proud of anything he'd do.

And for that, he aches.

Later, Tsuna was listening to Hisa's explanation on how come he looks so beat up. Then, Hisa presents him with his unfinished drawing of a rainbow. "I drew this for you, and he had the crayon that I wanted; sorry I couldn't finish it," Hisa sighed. "It must look bad, doesn't it~"

"I love it, nii-san!" Tsuna hugged him, fisting the drawing in one hand. "You're such a good artist, Hisa-nii." Tsuna sounded sincere in his words, and Hisa flushed. He wasn't a good artist in any means, but hearing Tsuna say that...

"It's nothing, really," Hisa laughed off the comment lamely. "Here, I think dinner's almost ready. Let's go help mama and set the table." Tsuna brightened and nodded, rushing off to go put the picture up in his room. When he came back, Hisa and Tsuna both went downstairs.

As the kindergarten year wore on, it became obvious to Hisa's classmates that: 1. Hibari Kyoya was terrifying and probably a monster in disguise. 2. Sawada Hisa got sick a lot and was humble and kind, mature and gentle. 3. Hisa was the only one who wasn't afraid of Kyoya, and thus, the most coolest thing in their young lives. How admirable! How cool!

Hisa just took their awing stares and grins, offered friendships and adoring looks from other kids, with a gentle smile and something akin to remorse flashing in his green eyes. "I'm fine by myself, really," he'd say, and they'd listen and nod. Okay, they'll reply, I'll ask again tomorrow, Hisa-kun!

Please don't, Hisa would think.

"Herbivore, fight back!" Kyoya said, one day. After their first interaction, Kyoya had a weird fixation on Hisa. Hisa treated him with exasperation and kindness, matching his stubbornness with seemingly endless patience and doing one thing that pissed Kyoya off to no end: not fighting back. Hisa grunted as Kyoya's tonfa barely clipped his shoulder, and he rubbed at it, smiling tightly at Kyoya.

"I can't fight back, Hibari-kun," Hisa explained. He couldn't, it'd be too much strain on his body. Mama would be sad if he had to stay in the hospital again. "And I don't want to, anyways," his last life as Harry Potter was violent, always on edge, always paranoid, and he died at the end of it ending a war. Hisa had enough of fighting.

"Why?" Kyoya finally stopped his impromptu attack, panting heavily and glaring at him. Every day, after school, Hisa was stalked on his way home, and Hisa had fun finding new routes to take to lead his stalker around. Today, they were closer to the thicker areas of Namimori, and Hisa could faintly hear the clatter of the city.

Luckily, they were in a dark alley, or Kyoya would be feral at the no doubt 'crowding'. "...I don't want to, so I won't?" Hisa scratched his cheek. He had took a few hits with Kyoya's tonfas, but he was nothing but durable.

"That's stupid," Kyoya said blandly. He looked personally offended at the fact that someone didn't want to fight, seemingly his favorite hobby. Violence suited Kyoya; it didn't suit Hisa. Like, at all.

"Sure it is," Hisa nodded, smiling faintly. "But it's what I feel, and I'm sticking to it." Hisa nodded again, more to himself. In this

life, if he could help it, he wouldn't fight. While he didn't mind others fighting, he personally, had enough of it. He just wanted to see if that in this life, he could actually make it to adulthood.

Kyoya stared at him, squinting at him. At last, he said, "You irritate me, Hisa." Not herbivore, Hisa noted mutely as he waved goodbye at Kyoya's back, calling out a farewell. He only got a grunt in reply, and Hisa only let out a soft huff of amusement and turned to go home. Mama was going to help him bake a cake today, as long as he wasn't tired or if he was up to it.

Apparently, Kyoya's words translated into: You're my new friend(?), hope you weren't expecting a normal childhood.

"You're scaring them, Kyoya-kun," Hisa laughed, as Kyoya bared his teeth at their other classmates. They all shranked back, and fretted nervously, pointedly not looking their way again. "They weren't even doing anything to you."

"They were breathing near me." Kyoya sniffed, turning back to his work. Today's work was coloring in drawings of various fruits, and having to write their name underneath it to understand that yes, that is what it is. "They're annoying."

"And I'm not?" Hisa shook his head. "You threaten to kill me almost every five seconds. And yet, you're still nice to me, Kyoya-kun." Kyoya only snarled at him to shut up, and finish his work, leaving Hisa sighing and smiling exasperatedly at him.

Making friends, indeed, Mama, Hisa thought sheepishly.

-0-0-0-

"Papa's home!" Papa held out his arms, and Tsuna was picked up and twirled around. Hisa stood patiently off to the side, smiling wanly at the pair. Every since Tsuna started school, they'd had been walking home from school together. Today, Papa was here, though Hisa had already figured with how ecstatic their Mama was this morning.

"Papa! Put me down!" Tsuna wailed, squeezing his eyes shut and clinging onto Papa's shoulders. Hisa had to stifle his amusement behind his hand, Tsuna was probably dizzy and will probably have a fear of heights now. Tsuna feared a lot of things, now that Hisa thought about it. He was a good kid, but he was kind of a scaredy cat.

"Guess what Papa got for his Tsu-kun?" Papa set Tsuna down, kneeling to be around his height. He pulled a present out of seemingly nowhere, and grinned as Tsuna took it with thinly veiled excitement. "Go open it inside, Tsu-kun! Papa and Hisa-kun need to have a man-to-man talk."

Tsuna practically squealed in his excitement, and almost tripped in his haste to get inside. He stopped at the doorway, turning around and looking at Papa curiously, "Did you get Hisa-nii anything, Papa?" He sounded mortified at the thought of being the only child to get something.

Papa laughed him off, waving his hand flippantly, "As if I would forget my little Hisa-kun! Especially when he's becoming such a man, just like his father!" Tsuna smiled, relieved, and sent another joyous smile at Hisa before darting inside fully. "Ah, where are my manners? Come here, Hisa-kun!"

Hisa was pulled into a bear hug, warm and embracing. Hisa hugged back politely, afraid that if he put any strain to hug back just as fiercely, he'd break. At last, Papa let go, hands on his shoulders, and only parted enough for him to get a good look at Hisa's face.

"How are you, Hisa-kun?" Papa smiled goofily at him. "Taking care of your Mama and brother, right?" Hisa smiled, and nodded, unsure of what to say. It's been two years since he last saw his father, and didn't even know where to begin to tell him about what's been going on. Nothing much changed, but nothing else stayed the same either.

"I'm fine," Hisa said, rubbing the back of his head. "I'm still taking the pills you got for me. They helped out a lot, I haven't relapsed yet."

Papa frowned at him, disapproving. "Don't think like that, Hisa-kun. I'm glad they're working! I'd tear this world apart to find a way to cure you if I had to, Hisa-kun," Papa vowed, and Hisa felt a twinge of discomfort. Cure him, Hisa thought bitterly. "But let's not talk about gloomy subjects. I got a gift for you as well! It's in the backyard!"

And with that, Hisa was scooped up and brought into the house.

An odd minutes later, the whole of the Sawada family was brought to the backyard of the house. Hisa stood up front, staring at the shiny yellow bike. Tsuna was enchanted, "Woah, Nii-san! You got such a pretty bike!"

As they went up to inspect it, Hisa strained his ears to his eerily silent parents. Mostly, Mama. At last he heard Mama's strained whisper of, "Iemitsu, he can't ride that! His body won't be able to handle it!" Something like ice made his stomach freeze and drop, and suddenly, Hisa wasn't all that aimable with the gift as Tsuna was.

Papa's response was just as hushed, and apologetic, "I'm sorry, I thought- I...I guess I forgot." He sounded so regretful and remorseful, and Hisa just wanted to turn around and scream at them, at his parents, I'm alright! I'm fine! I can handle it! I'm ****fine**!**

Instead, Hisa turned politely and smiled vacantly, "Thank you, Papa. Hey, I'm kind of...worn out. Can I go to sleep early?" Of course, he could. His parents would fuss over him and send him off to bed with a mountain of blankets, a worried Tsuna at the edge of his vision.

Hisa hated it. He hated it.

"I'm fine," Hisa said, blankly. Kyoya only cocked an eyebrow at him.

Both of them were sitting in a stand-offish park, underneath a large oak tree. Hisa was staring blankly at the sky, wrapped up in a too-large cardigan and a scarf despite it being rather warm outside. "I'm fine," he muttered to himself now, curling his legs to his chest and resting his chin on them.

"...Hn," Kyoya eyed him before returning to his cloud gazing.
"...You're fine," he agreed absently, probably in hopes of shutting up his inane ramblings.

For once, Hisa was completely grateful for Kyoya being in his life. It felt like a heavy weight was lifted from his chest, and he could breathe properly. He was fine, and someone else agreed with it. It was like hearing someone else say that he was fine made it true, made it real, because he was, but so many people insisted that he wasn't and- and-

Hisa was cheerful when he arrived home later on that day. Earlier that morning, his Papa had to go pick up his boss and said that they were going to meet him later. Sure enough, Papa's car was parked in front of the house, and Hisa quickened his pace. He didn't want his Mama or Papa to worry about his wellbeing, and coming in late.

"I'm Nono," Nono, Papa's boss, greeted him warmly. He held out a wrinkled hand, and Hisa took it, shaking firmly. "You must be Hisa. Your father worries a lot about you," Nono laughs, good naturedly.

Hisa grins and bears it.

Later, Tsuna is crying and Nana is fretting in the kitchen, cooking her stress away. Hisa sits off on the stairs, listening to Papa and Nono talk to each other in hushed whispers and concern, far too soft for Hisa to listen in on. Hisa was worried, and he wanted to check up on Tsuna, but what could he do? He was just Tsuna's sickly older brother, and Tsuna had Papa holding him. He'll be fine.

All of a sudden, Tsuna's wailing stops.

Hisa stands up suddenly, and was intent on finding out why, but Papa appeared around the corner and at the bottom of the stairs. He blinked up, at finding his older son seemingly brooding on the stairs, and smiled tiredly at him. "Were you worried for Tsu-kun, Hisa?"

Hisa only nodded, eyes tracing his younger brother's face. It was peaceful, despite the tear stains. His mouth was open in light snores, and Hisa was relieved to see that he wasn't injured from his fall from the tree. "Is he okay?"

Papa smiled, "He'll be fine. He's just exhausted. Let's get him to bed, Hisa-kun! And then Papa can tuck you in too." Hisa only nodded and followed Papa upstairs to Tsuna's room, and watched from the doorway as Papa tucked a sleeping Tsuna in bed. As he quietly shut Tsuna's door, Papa looked tired.

"Is everything alright?" Hisa asked, as he lead his father to his room. It was considerably neater than Tsuna's, much to his mother's pleasure. He crawled under his covers, and Papa took it upon himself to sit on the edge of his bed.

"Everything is fine, Hisa-kun," Papa assured. "Nothing you need to worry about," he grinned at him, and began to tuck him in. Hisa stayed silent, and he closed his eyes tightly. Nothing he needs to worry about. He couldn't worry about anything, else he strains his body.

He's fine.

"Papa and Mama love you very much," Papa pressed a kiss on his nose, and ran a hand through his dark hair. "Goodnight, Hisa."

After he left, Hisa closed his eyes. No doubt they loved him. But could they trust him? Did they believe he was actually _fine_? Hisa only sighed, and sent a silent wish to whoever was listening that'd he'd stayed fine.

Because that's what he was.

He was fine.

"_You'll never be fine._

* * *

><p>Review, favorite, follow, or whatever you do to stories that you read.</p>

Any questions might be answered in future chapters.

Or they might not. Who knows?

-mms

2. Chapter 1

****Creating Fire****

Chapter 1

This chapter isn't edited in any way, shape, or form.

****Warnings**:** General. Violence. General violence.

****A/N**:** 18-19 pages of _fanfiction_. Egh. It wasn't as hard as I thought it would be, but it wasn't easy either. Oh well, I'm uploading this even though I wanted to wait a few days. But then I was like, "Pft does it matter?"

No, no it does not.

So here ya' go.

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Sawada Hisa was in the hospital.</p>

Again.

Hisa sighed, and tried not to fidget too much. Tsuna was laying beside him on his bed, napping, refusing to leave Hisa's side even after visiting hours were over. Nana only smiled, and promised to come back in the morning with clothes and necessities for Tsu-kun. Hisa only smiled, like always, and assured her that he'd look after him.

"Don't overwork yourself too much, Hisa-kun," Nana giggled, brushing his fringe out of his eyes. "It's okay if you just want to rest."

Hisa smiled, and said, "It's fine."

She left without further ado, and Hisa sighed in the silence of his room. He was granted his own room, being quite well known in the local Namimori Hospital, and considered a 'special case'. He was used to the hospital's treatment of him, slightly resentful, but used to it. Being given his own room left him time to think, and brood.

He had collapsed in front of his classmates. It was mortifying when he woke up in the ICU, a soulful doctor waiting with a small smile on his face. "Almost lost you there, Sawada-kun. Lucky it was just a deep exhaustion, but that still caused your body to attempt to shut itself down. You're very lucky to wake up."

Hisa couldn't do anything.

Not without worrying about if he was straining his body. Not without his mom attempting to console him out of any passions or pursuits he wanted to try out for, like being the assistant manager of the elementary baseball team. She was even restricting their, their, time together, saying that maybe cooking was too stressful on him. Teachers treated him differently, singling him out in his class and giving him special assignments, different from his classmates, saying something along the lines of, "It's okay if you don't finish, Hisa-kun. Just turn it in when it's due." His peers didn't want to hang out with him anymore, not when he couldn't play any sports of their games, and girls treated him with sympathy and pity, bringing him bento boxes and he always got various treats from others, whether it be boy or girl.

It was smothering.

And Hisa didn't do smothering.

In his last life as Harry Potter, he didn't like being controlled. Harry Potter disliked the very idea of it, and surprisingly, his whole last life was manipulated and controlled, and Hisa didn't want this life to be like that. It wasn't even the people around him, in this life, that were at fault!

It was his own body. And that was...disheartening. Because Hisa did need help at times, he did get tired, his own body wearing down and he had his fair share of hospitals. It was just the way his body was, for some odd reason, and Hisa had no control over it. Still, despite his body being weak, Hisa didn't need to be constantly reminded of it with how everyone treated him. Fragile. On the verge of death. Not

their equal_.

Hisa scowled, and this was the sight Tsuna saw when he came too. "N-nii-san?" Tsuna blinked blearily at him, stifling a yawn into the crook of his arm. He looked cuter than usual, hair more messy, and half-lidded. "Where's Mama?"

"She went home. She'll be back in the morning with clothes for you, Tsu-kun," Hisa smiled, albeit weakly. "How was your nap?" Hisa could never be bitter when his brother came into the picture. Tsuna would forever be a soft spot for Hisa, and Hisa was so lucky to have such a cute and thoughtful little brother.

"It was okay," Tsuna looked ready to fall asleep again. "Did you sleep?"

"Ah," Hisa laughed, fidgeting with the edges of his sleeves. He was always gifted with a large cardigan every year from his mom, and they were large, and comfy. _Warm_. Hisa was always cold, and he's gotten used to it over the years, but he still had dreams of when he was warm, seemingly fire beneath his skin. "I'm not tired."

Tsuna frowned at him, looking more awake now, "But it's nighttime!"

"It's not that late, Tsu-kun," Hisa laughed again, more genuine. "It's only 8:00." Tsuna blinked, and flushed lightly. "Did you have a long day at school, Tsu-kun?" Hisa inquired, smiling gently at him. Inwardly, he was dreading the answer; Tsuna wasn't exactly what one would call _popular_ or _well-liked_, despite being the most trusting and kind kid Hisa ever had the pleasure of knowing.

True to his worry, Tsuna grimaced. "It was fine, Hisa-nii," Tsuna admitted, quietly. "Other kids are still kind of mean to me. But I can handle it!" Tsuna assured Hisa quickly, and Hisa only gave him a measuring look.

"Sorry, Tsuna," Hisa smiled wanly. If only he wasn't so sickly, he could defend his brother _properly_. "I'm not a very good big brother, am I?"

Tsuna looked aghast. "No way! You're the best big brother out there!" Tsuna hugged his arm, looking up at him with big brown eyes. "You're always so nice and considerate, and you're so smart, nii-san! Everyone loves you," _more like pities_, Hisa thought blandly. Tsuna, though, was looking at him desperately, willing him to believe his words.

"...If you say so," Hisa gave in, and Tsuna smiled brightly at him. If Hisa squinted, and looked at it in a way, he could swear that the sun was shining from it. Hisa truly didn't deserve such a cute younger brother, Hisa thought dejectedly.

"I _do_ say so," Tsuna said firmly.

The next day, Kyoya was visiting. He roughly shoved a get well card onto his nightstand, and glared at it. Hisa smiled, gratefully, though he knew that it was probably Kyoya's dad who made him get it. Kyoya was never so thoughtful.

"Like the personal touch," Hisa said dryly, eying the card.

The card depicted a sheep with a thermometer in its mouth. It was a cute drawing; well, it would have been, if Kyoya didn't draw over it and give it some bloody wounds. Hisa squinted. Kyoya also seemingly added a carnivorous figure lurking in the background.

(Kyoya was a little sociopath. He stopped drawing violent images when he started to create the violence in real life. Hisa was only sure added his personal touch to this card just to spite his father, who was ever so exasperated with his only son.)

Kyoya only smirked.

"Hey, Kyoya, have you heard of anyone named Minamoto Atsushi?" Hisa asked, as Kyoya made himself comfortable in a chair beside his bed after opening the window. It was now summer vacation, and Hisa had been excused for the last days of the first semester. Nana had hinted at special ed, which made Hisa bitter to think about. So he didn't.

"Hn," Kyoya lifted his feet on the edge of Hisa's hospital bed. He crossed his arms and closed his eyes. "Small herbivore who likes to think he's above his station, two years younger than us. Why?"

Ever so blunt. "He's bullying Tsu-kun," Hisa sighed, frowning at his legs. After a while, Hisa managed to bug Tsuna a few details about his current bully. Tsuna, ever the angel that was sent to earth, firmly just said his name and nothing more, nothing on how he was being bullied. While it was quite humble of Tsuna, it irritated Hisa slightly.

"And?" Kyoya raised a brow. He firmly believed that if one couldn't defend themselves from others, then maybe they deserved it. The only exception to this was seemingly Hisa, for some odd reason.

"I'm just curious," Hisa frowned. "I know I can't do anything, I'm too unhealthy. And it's not like I'm a murderous violent child like you, I'm an angel," Hisa ignored Kyoya's disbelieving snort, "and I'm not intimidating in the least."

It was true. Hisa was small and slender, he had a delicate frame for a boy. Not feminine, but delicate. He would be considered plain in looks, the only striking thing about him was his eye color. His dark hair was only a shade of dark brown, apparently getting that from his mother's side of the family. On the eyes, they had no idea. Everything about him screamed plain, a tad bit too pale, and delicate. Like one moment he could be standing there, and the next, gone.

Kyoya grunted, "You could always bite him to death."

"I'm not you," Hisa replied, dully.

"You're not," Kyoya conceded, eying him with sharp grey eyes. "I'm a carnivore. You're just Hisa." Hisa raised an eyebrow. What was that supposed to mean? If it was supposed to be an insult, Hisa wasn't feeling it.

He sighed, resting his chin on his hand. "I'm an older brother, and I

can't even protect my own little brother," he bemoaned. "I wish I had a stronger body." Kyoya only gave him a Look (the one that made Hisa scowl darkly at, but alas, it had no effect on the all-mighty Kyoya), and went back to trying to take his nap.

They stayed in amiable silence until Kyoya left.

When Tsuna came to visit, he was pale. "Hiiieee! Nii-san! Hibari-san is scary!" Tsuna all but threw himself at Hisa, who blinked questioningly at him. He almost dropped the spoonful of pudding he was eating, in order to catch his younger brother in some semblance of a hug.

"Eh?" Hisa blinked. Well no duh, Kyoya's scary. Everyone knew that, even Tsuna. Why the sudden re-interest?

"I was walking home from school and Minamoto-kun was following me again," Hisa tightened his grip. Tsuna was followed? "And all of a sudden, Kyoya jumps out of nowhere and says something scary about biting and all of a sudden, he's attacks Minamoto-kun and I just ran! It was terrible, Hisa-nii!"

Hisa stayed silent, before bursting out into gales of laughter.

"Nii-san! This isn't funny, it's scary!" Tsuna looked baffled.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Hisa tried to say, stifling his giggles behind his hand. Kyoya was amazing. "It's just- pft-" Hisa hunched in on himself, and Tsuna sat in sullen silence as Hisa tried to control himself. At last, after his chest started hurting from the strain of laughing (god, this body was pathetic). Though laughing to death wasn't a bad way to go...), Hisa straightened and smiled amiably at Tsuna.

Tsuna stared at him, deadpanned. "Hibari-san just attacked someone, someone my age!" Panic laced his words. "What if he attacks me?" Hisa simply smiled at him.

He wouldn't dare. Sick or not, Hisa would **kill** him.

"He won't," Hisa said firmly. "I trust Kyoya-kun."

Tsuna looked doubtful, but didn't say anything more. If Hisa-nii trusted him, then Tsuna would...somewhat trust them as well. Hisa-nii always had good judgment.

Next time Hisa saw Kyoya, he gave him a small smile. "Thank you."

Kyoya looked at his smile like it was a disgusting disease. "Hn," he replied, in typical Kyoya fashion. "Don't thank me yet, Hisa," Kyoya smirked. "I don't do favors." Hisa raised an eyebrow, but motioned for him to continue. "I'm planning on creating a Disciplinary Committee in Namimori Middle."

"...And?"

"..." Kyoya gave him a look that translated into, Don't make me spell it out for you, idiot.

Hisa only smiled winningly back. "What? Do you need my help?" How typical of Kyoya, Hisa thought exasperatedly. He won't ask for help. "Sure, I would have done it without the 'favor' you done for me." There was a pause, and Hisa chewed his lower lip worriedly. "But what can I do?"

Kyoya seemed satisfied with the turn of events only shrugged. "Whatever you want," Kyoya mused. It was unspoken that Hisa could not, would not, fight in the name of Nanimori's peace. That doesn't mean he couldn't help. Kyoya gave him a considering look, and Hisa only blinked at him, wondering what was cooking in Kyoya's violent little brain. At last, Kyoya smirked, "Informant."

"...Eh?" Hisa surely had to have misheard him. Informant? The hell does that mean? Hisa started to laugh, laughter dying off quickly at Kyoya's unfazed expression. "Wait, you're serious?" Hisa asked, baffled.

Kyoya replied, "No one would expect you. All you would need to do is keep tabs on everyone in the school, and maybe even in town." Kyoya sounded like he was just thinking about it, and growing more and more eager each second he thought about it. A dangerous glint appeared in his eyes, and Hisa only stared at him, blandly. "You wouldn't have to fight, just be sneaky and unsuspecting. Which you are good at," he added, grudgingly.

"Yeah, but...." Hisa shook his head. He possibly couldn't. It was- it was something he never even considered being!

Kyoya only gave him a flat look, and asked, "You want to be useful, don't you?"

He left Hisa alone after that, saying he'll be back sooner or later with 'equipment' for his new title of informant. Hisa only stared blankly at the spot Kyoya previously inhabited, heart seemingly thumping hard in his chest. You want to be useful, don't you?

Oh god, did he want to be.

But as an informant? Hisa crossed his arms, settling back into his bed and frowning up at the ceiling. What did they even do? Obviously, had something with information and Kyoya did say that all he would need to do is keep tabs on everyone inside school, maybe even outside of it.

Kyoya returned, dragging a redhead behind him. Hisa only blinked, as Kyoya shoved the redhead forward. "Speak," Kyoya said, tonelessly. The redhead looked ready to pass out, and was clutching at his stomach.

"Eugh," the redhead groaned, and Hisa noticed he had a suitcase with him as well. Er..., Hisa shot a look at Kyoya, who promptly ignored him in favor of poking the redhead. With the end of his tonfa. "Eeek! Alright, alright," the redhead danced away from the metal weapon, not the least bit graceful and every bit desperate.

"Who are you?" Hisa asked, trying to soften the bluntness of his question with an wan smile.

The redhead pushed up his too large glasses more firmly on his nose, and introduced himself, "My name is Irie Shoichi. And I'm here to help explain your equipment that I am going to be supplying you," Shoichi was ignoring the dangerous Kyoya behind him pointedly, and Hisa's smile turned a bit more genuine.

"Ah?" Hisa said, weakly. He still wasn't so sure about this. But Kyoya wanted him to do this, for some odd reason, and Hisa had to at least humor him. Shoichi nodded at him, and flipped the lapses on the suitcase, flipping it open.

"This," Shoichi held up something really small. Hisa squinted at it, accepting it when Shoichi offered it to him. It was really small, and it stuck out like a very dark dot in the middle of Hisa's palm. "Is a bug." Eh? Hisa looked at him in disbelief. This tiny thing?

"It's so small," Hisa said slowly, stating the obvious.

"It's supposed to be," Shoichi sounded somewhat proud. "After all, what's the point of bugging people if they just find out anyways?" He had a point, but how the hell was Hisa supposed to bug people in the first place if he could barely see the bug? Hisa's question must have been evident on his face, and Shoichi snuffed, pushing his glasses back up. "I'll get there."

Alright then.

"This," Shoichi then pulled out a pair of headphones. "And this, go together. The headphones aren't really anything special, it's this small radio that will help connect you to all of your bugs." His bugs. Hisa sighed, silently. Informant, really, Kyoya? "And these are gloves."

"Uh-huh," Hisa accepted the pair of gloves warily. They were black and fingerless, the texture at least soft. "What does this do?" Kyoya had placed himself in between Shoichi and the exit, and was observing silently.

"It's specially created so that your bugs won't fall off your hands until it comes into contact with its intended target," Shoichi said, simply. "It has magnetic properties," he added, seeing Hisa's expression of disbelief.

"...Right," Hisa said, at length. How the hell was this kid 10? And how do I hold the bugs? Hisa felt silly for going along with this. Shoichi only nodded at him, and pulled something else out of the case. It looked like a small box of tic-tacs, but if Hisa squinted, he could see it was a lot of various and tiny bugs.

"What the hell?" Hisa almost choked himself in disbelief. "How the hell am I supposed to keep track of all these? I'm pretty sure there's no way the radio can access," Hisa waved a hand flippantly at the small box in Shoichi's hands, "all of that!"

Shoichi looked irritated, but still held his temperament. "There's a catch. You have to be in a certain distance to get a signal to a certain bug, and then the channels come into play. If there are more than one bug in the area, then you'll just have to keep switching

channels until you find the one you want. And seeing as of that you shouldn't have too many bugs in one area, you'll be fine on keeping track of them all."

Hisa opened his mouth, then shut it. Well then.

"Can I go, now?" Shoichi shot a nervous look at Kyoya. Kyoya gave a slight nod, and Shoichi shot out of the room, leaving the suitcase filled with the bugging equipment. Apparently meant for Hisa. Hisa sighed, tiredly.

"Sounds easy," Kyoya commented, putting everything up and placing it on Hisa's nightstand.

"Are you sure that kid was around our age?" Hisa asked, yawning.
"He's too..."

"Nerdy?"

"I was going to say smart," Hisa laughed. "But yeah, I guess nerdy works too. I don't think I ever heard you use that word, Kyoya-kun." Kyoya only grunted, looking at the time, and frowning at it. "Got to go?"

"Hm," Kyoya nodded, "We'll talk more about the details tomorrow."

And then he left.

Hisa ran a tired hand through his hair. Was this idea of being useful to Kyoya? That...that was actually touching, now that Hisa thought about it. The idea of Kyoya actually going so far to include him into his plans of creating a Disciplinary Committee was saying a lot. While Hisa admitted that he didn't know what to make of Kyoya's thought process, he did understand that Kyoya never did anything without meaning. Even if most of the time, he's impulsive and rather arrogant, he still believed that every action he did had meaning.

The fact that Kyoya thought of him in doing something meant a lot to Hisa.

Hisa looked at the suitcase in a new light. If Kyoya put so much effort and thought into doing this for Hisa, then Hisa wouldn't discourage it outright. Who knows? Hisa thought weakly, smiling slightly. It might come in useful. I think.

At the very least, it'll distract him from his own body for the time being.

-0-0-0-

Hisa was great at noticing things. Especially if said things made his gut clench, and scream, danger alert! Kyoya beside him only shot him a look, as they were approached by an obviously foreign man. The man seemed friendly enough, and what was he doing in a suburban neighborhood?

"Hello," the man greeted, holding out his hand. Kyoya looked disgusted, and Hisa smiled politely. He shook the hand, his suspicion

rocketing up even higher. Something about this guy was just _off_. "Have you seen this boy? I'm afraid he lost something and I need to return it to him," he said, pulling a picture out of his wallet and Hisa swore he saw white for a second.

The picture was of Tsuna.

What the...?

Hisa blinked at the picture, despite a thousand thoughts just raging in his head, and said, "Sorry, I don't think I do." Kyoya shot him a sharp look, before glancing off to the side, pointedly. "Er, if he's lost something, why not turn it into the police? I'm sure they'll be glad to help return it. Right, Kyoya-kun?"

Kyoya only grunted, not looking at the foreign man.

Said man looked disappointed. "No, it's okay. I don't want to bother anyone," the man laughed, and it was _fake_. Hisa narrowed his eyes for a split second. If his story rang true, he'd have no qualms about going to the police if Tsuna actually lost something (a quiet possibility, Tsuna was often forgetful). "Thanks for your time," the man smiled at them, and walked away. His walk was sure, and firm, and reminded Hisa of Kyoya's walk.

Dangerous.

There was a few moments of tense silence, as the man disappeared from view.

At last, Hisa said, putting his headphones on, "Let's follow him."

Kyoya only smirked and lead the way.

Something was just _off_ about that man, and Hisa was determined to find out _what_. It's been a two years since he received his 'equipment', and he's been making leaps and bounds. Kyoya was right, no one ever suspected him when it came to being an informant. Due to Kyoya's side comments, Hisa was even making some quick money out of taking 'jobs' from other students and shady people around Namimori. People were nosy, and curious at heart, and they'd be willing to pay for information.

And Hisa was all too compliant to give it to them, if it meant he could start making money for _himself_. It felt good to be independent, and not so dependent on the money his father was laboring away for overseas.

Thumbing the dial, Hisa heard nothing but static for the first few seconds. Then, he knew he connected when there was a soft beeping noise, and then sounds of movement. Kyoya was leading him through the streets after the suspicious man, while Hisa listened intently to his headphones. While the man wasn't saying anything, obviously, Hisa kept a sharp ear out.

After their trek through the city, and being led into a more sparse, poorer and broken down, area of the city, Kyoya halted them abruptly. Which was fine with Hisa, who was choking for air and felt clammy, the exercise of actively tracking someone down weighing him down.

Kyoya didn't look at him, as he peered around a corner of the abandoned warehouse they were behind.

"He went inside," Kyoya said, finally. He straightened and shot a look at Hisa, who was regaining his breath slowly. He only raised an eyebrow, not saying anything about Hisa's poor health. If anything, he seemed expectant.

Hisa only smiled weakly at him.

"Suspicious," Hisa rasped out. "Don't you think?"

Kyoya only grunted, and returned to looking around the corner. "Obviously," Kyoya muttered to him, and Hisa only snorted. No duh. If being lead to an abandoned warehouse wasn't a dead giveaway, it was how he blatantly was suspicious. Hisa had good senses, honed from his previous life and these past two years of being an informant. While his intuition was nowhere as sharp as his little brothers, it wasn't nothing to laugh at.

He just hoped he was wrong with this one.

Settling himself down, Hisa turned up the volume on the small radio and waited.

-0-0-0-

Kyoya breathed silently through his nose, waiting for so much as a twitch of movement from the wide double doors that lead into the warehouse. While he agreed with Hisa that this guy was suspicious, he didn't agree with how Hisa was going about it. If it was Kyoya, he'd just charge right after the guy and bite him to death, before demanding answers.

People were much more compliant if they had a broken bone or two.

Of course, violence never really suited Hisa, like it suited Kyoya like a second skin.

Hisa was, for the lack of a better word, annoying. Annoying, and yet, Kyoya still befriended him, which honestly baffled Kyoya's father until the man himself met Hisa. Then understanding lined his features, and something akin to sadness made his lips twitch. Kyoya hated that expression, which was why Kyoya never brought Hisa around his father much, not when he could avoid it.

Not when he could avoid seeing the pain in his father's eyes everytime he looked at Hisa.

It wasn't Hisa's fault he was so unhealthy. It was just just how the cards were dealt. It wasn't Hisa's fault that he reminded Kyoya and his father so much of Kyoya's late mother. It was just that his mother and Hisa seemed to suffer the same illness, and Kyoya's seen it deteriorate his mother's will, her inner fire, and it was borderline devastating. Unlike Hisa, his mother had been inflicted with it while away on a business trip in China, and she'd came back, ill and smiling the same wan smile Hisa often wore.

I'm fine, they would say.

Kyoya doubted it.

His mother wasn't fine in her last days. The flame that had burned so brightly within her was nothing but crumpled ash, and she just had this dull feel about her, like there was no life, nothing in her that resembled the bright and strong woman Kyoya knew for most of his life. He was young when she died, but he always remembered her to be like a candle flame. Strong, bright, only to flicker out when a particularly gusty wind blew over.

Hisa felt the same. Empty, not complete, his general presence screaming nothing. It gathered a lot of pity from others, sympathetic, and without being told, it seemed like everyone knew that Hisa shouldn't be alive, but was anyways. Hisa hated it, Kyoya could tell.

Kyoya could understand. His mother was the same, in the end.

Unlike his mother, in her last days, Hisa had something about him. Something that most people wouldn't even notice, but Kyoya had somehow managed to see. It was in Hisa's eyes something that was resolved, something willful. Something not so easily swayed by the harshness of his reality.

That's probably why Kyoya stuck around; he wanted to see if Hisa could burn without a flame.

"Ah!" Hisa said, suddenly. Kyoya glanced at him, seeing that Hisa had slid down to the ground and was sitting with his back to the wall, hands on his headphones. Kyoya looked at him expectantly, and Hisa caught his eye, grinning rather wanly. "I can't understand them."

"Them?" Kyoya's eyes sharpened.

"There's two of them," Hisa furrowed his brow in concentration. "And they're speaking...Italian, I think." Hisa sounded slightly unsure, but Kyoya couldn't blame him. Anything besides Japanese was difficult and completely unnecessary to learn. Hisa sounded a bit helpless as he continued, "All I can understand is that they're saying my family's name."

"Sawada?" Kyoya asked for confirmation.

"Well, considering my name is Sawada Hisa, I would hope it would be," Hisa muttered, and ignored Kyoya's glower. He wasn't paying attention to anything but his headphones anyways, frowning deeply.

Kyoya rolled his shoulders restlessly. "So when can I fight them?" Hisa shot him an incredulous look, green eyes widening slightly. He scowled at Kyoya, though it really didn't have the desired effect considering that he looked too delicate to really do anything.

He only smirked in response, already reaching for his tonfas.

"You can't fight them," Kyoya frowned at him. "At least, not yet. We don't know a thing about them." Hisa explained, exasperatedly. He had moved the headphones so that one was still lodged firmly on one of his ears, and removed the other so he could focus half of his attention onto Kyoya.

"We know that they're suspicious. And in a suspicious warehouse," Kyoya really didn't need much beyond that. And from the look Hisa gave him, it was apparent the other 12 year old thought so too.
"So?"

"So," Hisa said slowly. "We need to think this through."

Kyoya hated the very idea of it.

"They're complete unknowns," Hisa muttered, biting his lip thoughtfully. "They could be dangerous." Kyoya only raised an unimpressed brow, but stayed silent. Dangerous? Kyoya had managed to take down an entire yakuza gang in a matter of minutes. He was pretty sure he could handle two puny herbivores, who was obviously intent on causing disturbance in Namimori.

In Hisa's family.

"And plus," Hisa admitted, with a grim smile. "If they are after my family, why?"

"There's only one way to find out," Kyoya bit out, already turning away from Hisa and heading towards the big doors to the warehouse. Hisa sighed behind him, but he heard him get up to follow. Kyoya smirked; that must mean that Hisa had faith in his abilities to extract answers.

Or that he knew he couldn't stop Kyoya.

Either one worked for Kyoya.

With a foot, Kyoya opened on of the doors. The chattering herbivores stopped, and Kyoya had to wait a few seconds to adjust to the dimness of the warehouse. Like Hisa had heard, there was two, and both of them were bent over a crate, paperwork and files scattered over it. Kyoya had to stop himself from sneering at the obvious 'hey, I'm the bad guy here!' type of trope these two were filling out very well.

What was this? A 80's anime?

"Hey, kid, are you lost?" The one that spoke to Hisa asked kindly, smiling with a small tilt of his lips. His eyes weren't as friendly, though. His friend only looked disgruntled, and subtly tried to hide the very obvious crate behind his scrawny body.

Kyoya smirked, and took a step forward. "Herbivores," Kyoya greeted coldly, lavishing at the feeling of an upcoming fight. The man who spoke raised his eyebrows in surprise, while the other one snickered behind his hand. "You two are trespassing in Namimori."

Out of the corner of Kyoya's vision, a small figure moved in the shadows. Kyoya took another step forward to keep their attention on him, and not on Hisa sneaking up behind them as quietly as he could.

"Oh?" The one who seemed to be doing all the speaking smiled unsurely. "Is this place forbidden? I'm sorry, my friend and I'll will just pack up our stuff and go." He gestured to his friend to

start packing up their papers, those suspicious papers that might have a reason for them being very interested in Hisa's family.

The other man grunted, and turned his back to Kyoya.

Kyoya stayed silent, as he started walking towards them. The first man raised his eyebrows. "Hey, kid, we're going. We get it, yeah?" Kyoya couldn't help but notice how the other man tensed the closer he got, and had to suppress a smirk. "What are you doing?"

"_I'm going to bite you to death_, " Kyoya hissed.

Needless to say that man was surprised at being attacked by a bloodthirsty 12 year old, and barely had time to yelp in alarm as a tonfa struck out and hit him squarely in the hip. As he grunted in pain, he bent over slightly and tried to step away, just as the other man whipped around and snarled at Kyoya. Kyoya didn't have to worry about him, though, as Hisa appeared out of nowhere, wide eyed but steady. The gift Kyoya had given him nearly two years ago in his hand, and charged.

The other man went down, spasming, and Hisa was left wincing at his actions. Kyoya barely had time to flash him a pleased smirk (his lessons in 'violence' didn't go in vain), and finished the other herbivore with a few quick strikes of his tonfas, finishing it off with a clear crack to one of his temples.

As he stepped back to survey his work, Kyoya was displeased at how easy it all was. Hisa was breathing heavily off to the side, frowning at the crumpled bodies with displeasure and slight guilt. Kyoya sniffed, looking away.

"Herbivores," Kyoya finally announced, calming down and very unsatisfied.

"Everyone's a herbivore to you, Kyoya," Hisa sounded a bit winded, but was gaining his composure quickly. He palmed the taser in his hands nervously. "What are we going to do about them?"

"I'll leave it to Kusakabe," Kyoya replied easily, eying the one Hisa had tased. He was still spasming wildly on the ground. Kyoya delivered a swift kick to his head, and he went limp, though his limbs still twitched then and there.

If the taser had a higher voltage than it normally should, Hisa didn't know. And Kyoya didn't care to tell him.

"You were right though," Hisa mumbled, stepping over to the crate. He leafed through the papers, seemingly trying to take into account that they were there, and not really taking what was on them. "That was easy." He sounded...dull. Kyoya only scoffed, raising an eyebrow at him, phone already in hand and typing out message to Kusakabe.

Kusakabe Tetsuya

1500

_Two herbivores in the warehouse south of Namimori, next to the abandoned teashop on 20th avenue. _

"What? Did you want something else to happen?" Kyoya snapped his phone shut and pocketed it. He also put up his tonfas while he was at it, while Hisa finished gathering up the rest of the papers.

"I'm just worried," Hisa admitted, as the two of them left the warehouse. "One of these days, your, er, battles," Kyoya had to withhold a snort, he wouldn't really call one of his fights that. "Won't be as easy. And you, well, you're an arrogant prick at the least of times," Hisa sounded mournful, and if he wasn't just Hisa, Kyoya would have had a problem with his name calling.

But seeing as of that it was just Hisa, Kyoya only replied, "Whatever."

Later on, in Kyoya's room, Kyoya received a call from his father. "Two foreign men, one of them in critical condition. What happened?" Hibari Hibiki ground out, and Kyoya only smirked. Hisa only shot him an absent glance, before returning to scanning the files with focused interest.

"They were bitten to death," Kyoya drawled, and he could hear his father palm his face on the other line. His smirk widened. "They were trespassing in Nanimori." And from what Hisa's darkening expression was suggesting, were planning more than just that. Kyoya frowned.

"They could have been just touring!" Hibiki stressed, but didn't sound all too convinced. And touring in Nanimori? What kind of sick joke was that? Kyoya withheld a shudder at the thought of foreigners in his beloved town. But apart of him twitched in anticipation, more people meant more chances to bite, and that was always a good thing.

"They could have, but." Kyoya was frowning at Hisa's crumpled expression. It went from dark to helpless in the matter of seconds. Kyoya was beyond curious now.

"...." Hibiki sighed. "They were in possession of a few firearms, and didn't seem to be who their passports suggested. They will be questioned when they are in proper condition to do so." A gun? Kyoya frowned. Wao. That small fight in the warehouse could have been a lot more dangerous.

Kyoya was kind of sorry it wasn't.

"Hn," Kyoya said, and went to hang up.

"Kyoya-"

Click.

When he hung up, Hisa slid the papers towards him and curled up in on himself, wrapping his arms around his legs. It would have been considered a helpless position if Kyoya didn't know that Hisa was almost always cold (empty), and always subconsciously searched for warmth in everything. Kyoya only raised an eyebrow at him, taking the papers and started to read over them with a critical eye.

At last, he pulled back and said, "Vongola?"

"It means clam, in Italian," Hisa mumbled. "They have information on my dad's _construction company_, and have been practically stalking my little brother to and from his way to school." Kyoya only grunted, scanning the papers once more. Almost all of the papers focused on Sawada Tsuna, the fluffy herbivore that was Hisa's little brother. If they were stalking him, why didn't they take note of Hisa? Or their herbivore mother?

What really caught his attention was that that was the only information in Japanese. Most of the files were in filthy Italian. But from what Kyoya could tell, squinting and feeling the beginning of a headache bloom behind his eyes, Hisa's father, Sawada Iemitsu, was mentioned a lot in the Italian part.

"What do you think?" Hisa asked, as Kyoya finally pushed the papers away from in mild disgust.

"It's suspicious." Kyoya answered bluntly. "My father said that they were in possession of a few firearms," Hisa gaped. "And that their passports were faked. It's all too suspicious." Kyoya frowned, glancing at the clock. It was nearing 6:00, now, and Hisa would need to go home soon to have dinner with his family.

"...Do you think it has something to do with my dad?" Hisa asked, quietly. Kyoya only gave him a look, one that hopefully conveyed 'What do you think?'. "But why?" Hisa shook his head, and sighing. "It doesn't make sense. He works for a construction company."

"Does he?" Kyoya hedged. "Or does he just want you to think that?"

Hisa didn't reply.

They stayed in thoughtful silence for the rest of Hisa's visit, and Kyoya only gave him a grunt in farewell. He stared at Hisa's back as they parted ways on an intersection, Hisa going to have dinner with his family, and Kyoya going on another round of patrols.

Kyoya had a feeling that Hisa's family life was more troubling than what it was worth.

-0-0-0-

Hisa asked his mother later that night, about their father. "So he works at a construction company?" He asked, thoughtfully. Nana only giggled, ruffling her son's hair and nodding. She was passing out bowls of tea on rice, and Tsuna looked like he had a run in with a particularly nasty boggart that mussed his hair up more than normally.

"Hm? Do you miss him, Hisa-kun?" Nana suddenly asked, and Hisa floundered. He wasn't use to having a dad (or any parent, for that matter) around, so he couldn't say. While he did sometimes wish to see his dad more involved, it didn't really concern him because Nana was always around. Even then, he could really do without her smothering nature because he was 'sickly'.

"Oh, I was just curious," Hisa laughed, lamely. He switched topics.

"Ah, Tsu-kun, you look... awful. Did something happen today?" Hisa smiled at his little brother, trying not to think about those suspicious men and what they had insinuated to do with his little brother.

Tsuna flinched, "I—" he shot a discreet look at their mother, who seemingly wasn't paying attention. He mouthed the rest of his words, "I didn't pass my math test. They're making me retest. Help." He looked at Hisa with pleading eyes, and well,...

Hisa could never refuse him.

"Sure," Hisa smiled. He was pants at math, but he makes higher than average grades in this life. He was allowed to make higher than average grades, and he would have excelled if it would have helped the idea that he was more than just a sick little boy. It didn't matter, so Hisa just resigned himself to slightly-higher-than-average grades and wan smiles to get him through his special ed classes.

Tsuna brightened, "Thanks, Hisa-nii!"

In the back of Hisa's head, he thought that if his dad's supposed profession (or whatever he doing overseas) was putting his family in danger, then he would never forgive him.

"Anything for you, Tsu-kun," Hisa replied with an amiable smile.

Even if it kills me.

-0-0-0-0-

Reborn arrived in Nanimori without much clamor.

He only sent a few unimpressed glances around before heading towards his destination. The Sawada household. This was going to be a very long mission, a mission to tutor Sawada Tsunayoshi into a great mafia boss, worthy of the title of Vongola Decimo. Ah, but such was the life of The World's Greatest Hitman.

Sawada Tsunayoshi was, to be put bluntly, a no good. Dame-Tsuna, he was called oh so lovingly by his peers. 13, starting his first year at Nanimori Middle. Had a blaringly obvious, and slightly pathetic, crush on one Sasagawa Kyoko. Looks up to his older brother, which was typical of younger siblings, from what Reborn heard, in civilian families. In mafia families, such bonds varied from downright competitive and to distaste.

Sawada Hisa was apart of the Disciplinary Committee, in his third year at Nanimori Middle, and served as an informant of sorts to the committee, and to the school. How he got his information was a mysterious to most. He was also very protective of his little brother. Good friends(?) with Hibari Kyoya, leader to the DC. And also, Sawada Hisa was the first documented case of being born without a flame.

Reborn had heard horror stories of those without a flame, how they just seemed lifeless, and dull. The literal spark inside them being snuffed out. Of course, these were only horror stories, and Reborn

had theorized that if they were to exist, they would have to be under special circumstances to get their Dying Will Flames inside them to burn out.

Sawada Hisa wasn't born with any.

Reborn smirked. He had a feeling that this mission wasn't going to be dull in the least.

* * *

><p>Review, favorite, follow, or whatever you do to stories that you read.</p>

Daily Life Arc starts next.

(I had a hard time convincing myself to make Sawada Hisa an informant. But hey, if 5 year olds can be hitmen, then sure, why not? pft.)

-mms

3. Chapter 2

Creating Fire

Chapter 2

This chapter isn't edited in any way, shape, or form.

Warnings: Rushed writing. General.

A/N: I rushed the ending of this chapter because BLEH. But I didn't want to start off the next chapter with that, so I just ended it with that. I guess that's what they call a cliffhanger. But now I'm off to work on my other stories. Because that's what I try to do.

Try..

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>It should be illegal to be up this early.</p>

Hisa thought this tiredly, as both he and Kyoya sat on the roof of Nanimori Middle School. Kyoya had insisted that all the DC members came to the school early, in order to get their daily schedules and task from Kyoya. Kyoya wasn't a morning person, and Hisa was pretty sure he dragged Hisa into it because he was a sadist.

"...I think I hate you," Hisa smothered a yawn into his sleeve. Kyoya only grunted beside him, trying to catch a small nap before school officially started. "I could be having breakfast with my family right about now, don't you know?" Well, probably. Tsuna always woke up late, and Nana would become distracted with cooking breakfast and making a bento for Tsuna, starting the morning chores; it'd be awhile

before she'd remember to wake up Tsuna.

Thus, Tsuna was always almost late. Almost.

Still, dream a nice dream. Hisa sighed, remembering when he used to have breakfast with his family, Nana would smother him with attention and shoving food in his direction (Hisa had a small stomach; he couldn't eat much), and Tsuna almost passed out in his breakfast. While it had its pros and cons, Hisa didn't actually mind how things were right now. Grabbing an early breakfast with Kyoya, eating on the go, and just helping organize the DC for the day, before just trying to catch some rest before school actually started.

"You've been saying that for the 2 and a half years," Kyoya muttered, eyes still shut. He sounded uncaring.

"And I'll say it until I die," Hisa replied, and smiled innocently when Kyoya shot him a look. Kyoya rolled his eyes and jumped up, stretching much like a cat. Something in his back popped, and he let out a low sigh. Hisa got up as well, rubbing at his eyes.

"...Let's go," Kyoya ordered, after surveying the school's surrounding area from the roof. His eyes were sharp, and had an eager glint. "Herbivores are starting to arrive."

A few hours later, Hisa was frowning at the ceiling. Kyoya was out on patrols, and Hisa had gone to the reception room, to lay down on the couch. Kyoya had hinted that he had wanted this place for his HQ for the DC, and Hisa couldn't blame him. With couches like this, Hisa sunk deeper, who could blame him?

Of course, Hisa didn't pay much attention to that. He was more concerned about what had happened to his brother when he arrived to school this morning. Tsuna arrived in boxers of all things, and confessed loudly to one Sasagawa Kyoko, in front of the whole school. That- that was honestly the most out of character thing for Tsuna to do, and yet he did, and all Hisa wanted to know was why.

It was truly an odd thing.

Hisa thumbed through his radio, trying not to stop on the ones he had bugged in the school. He had already done the morning routine for the school, and now it was time for him to check up on the most 'troublesome' gangs of the week, and check in on them. Shoichi had finally given him bugs that didn't need him to be in distance, which was extremely helpful considering Hisa was sickly and couldn't keep up the harsh pace of following gangs around, even with Kyoya's 'help'.

Writing down what the gangs were talking about, their plans if any, and their general location, Hisa finally closed his notebook. It was just a notebook filled with data he had organized from around the school and town, and was shown to Kyoya at the end of the day to decide if they needed to interfere or not. If it was an emergency, as in something was happening the moment Hisa had tuned in, then Hisa would send a massive email out to the DC club and those who are closest to the area of the scene would respond, and well, that's that for Hisa.

Now.

For the important part.

Hisa thumbed to Tsuna's classroom bug, and listened.

After a few minutes of listening, Hisa hopped up from the couch and paced around, tempted to just go to Tsuna's classroom and snatch him away. As before, Tsuna wasn't really popular, even more so with his new nickname of 'Hentai-Tsuna', which, really? Hisa huffed, glancing at his watch; it was still two periods away from lunch, and Hisa, while patient, really couldn't stand people making fun of his brother. But what could he do? Collapse on the perpetrators in a sickly heap? Fake a coughing fit in front of them?

Tch. Hisa pouted, and settled back down on the reception room's couch. No. He'll just wait until lunch, then go and cheer up his brother. Hisa sighed, and put his headphones back on, thumbing around for a music channel. While normally, he would have to be in class, but it was special ed, his teacher was pretty lenient. And with Kyoya's help, he was able to pass all the assignments and pass all the tests with no problem.

When lunch came around, Hisa walked quickly to his brother's classroom. The doors were already slid open, and students were pouring out. A few smiled politely at him, and greeted him with a 'Good afternoon, Hisa-senpai!'. Hisa returned their smiles tightly, wanly, because how could they be so nice to him and yet so mean to his little brother? Spotting his little brother slumped over in his desk, Hisa's smile became more genuine and walked over.

"Yo, Tsu-kun~" Hisa greeted, sitting in the desk in front of Tsuna, leaning over the chair and grinning. Tsuna shot up, eyes wide.

"Hisa-nii!" Tsuna almost shouted, before clamping a hand over his mouth. Hisa smiled mirthfully as Tsuna flushed, glancing discreetly around to see if he had gotten attention (he did, but Hisa paid them no mind). "Hisa-nii," Tsuna said more quietly. "Why are you here?"

Hisa feigned hurt, "I thought you would want to have lunch with me, Tsu-kun." He looked off to the side, sighing slightly. "If you don't want to, that's okay. I'll just walk myself back to my cold, and lonely, classroom," truth be told, Hisa hadn't stepped foot into his classroom since the beginning of the week, just to turn in his homework and get this week's one.

Tsuna flailed, "No, no! I'll eat- I-I was just curious." He smiled at Hisa, and looked around. Hisa followed his glance around, and both of them paused on a group of Tsuna's classmate, snickering and looking over. Tsuna wilted, while Hisa frowned. "C-can we go eat somewhere else, Hisa-nii?" Tsuna asked, quietly.

"Sure!" Hisa said brightly, standing up. "We can go eat on the roof." Tsuna had brightened, then he paled.

"The roof? Isn't that off-limits to students?" Tsuna asked, worriedly. Hisa didn't reply as he followed him to the back of the

classroom, watching as Tsuna gathered up his lunch and followed him puppishly out the classroom. Hisa had smiled wanly at the group of students that were laughing at Tsuna, almost all of them freezing and smiling nervously back.

Hisa tried not to snarl when one of them whispered to another, "I feel sorry that Hisa-senpai has such a lame brother."

Not true, not true at all. If anything, Tsuna was the unlucky one to have such a sick older brother. Hisa frowned, but turned to Tsuna with an amiable smile, "The roof is off limits, but I've always been a rebel," he winked at Tsuna, who apparently didn't hear his classmates cruel words. Thankfully.

Tsuna replied, "That's not true, if you're apart of the Disciplinary Committee, Nii-san." Hisa snorted, stopping at a vending machine and getting him a juice can. He had given his lunch to Kyoya, because Kyoya forgot to make his own. Kyoya angrily ate it right then and there, and forcibly giving him some, despite not being hungry. So, no lunch for either of them today, but they had quite a full morning.

"It's not like I do anything," Hisa replied blithely. "I'm just there for props," he continued, as they finally made it up to the roof. It was a lot brighter up here than in the morning, and Hisa had to squint awkwardly against the sunlight. Sitting down against the fence, on a bench (they were there for the students, but Kyoya didn't think so), Hisa opened his juice and took a long swig.

"I doubt that," Tsuna had laughed, and began to dig into his lunch. He was eating slowly, more or less picking at it, and was staring down at it with a troubled expression. Hisa watched, raising an eyebrow at the picture his little brother made; it wasn't like Tsuna couldn't tell Hisa anything, because Hisa made a point to at least try and be the person his little brother needed.

Hisa, as Harry Potter, didn't have anyone when he was bullied. He had himself, his own snarky remarks, and soon friends, to help bat off critical eyes and stories. That wasn't the same as having family.

"Anything happen today, Tsu-kun?" Hisa prompted, staring up at the clear sky. "You know, you can tell me anything, right?" Tsuna flushed deeply, looking sharply at Hisa.

"I know that," Tsuna muttered, glancing away. "But today has just been...weird." He shuddered, and Hisa snickered, sipping at his juice. Weird, huh? Well, that's one way of putting it.

"Does this have something to do with you being called a hentai?" Hisa asked innocently, and Tsuna choked, coughing out a bit of his lunch and whipping around to stare at Hisa with wide-eyes. "Haha, gross, you spit out your food. That's not nice to do when Mama makes that for you," Hisa smiled at him, and Tsuna had flushed, shaking his head.

"How do you know about that!?" Tsuna wailed, covering his face with his hands. "That's embarrassing!"

"What, about you spitting out your own food, or being called a

hentai?" Hisa laughed. "Because those have two different answers."

Tsuna was still hiding his face behind his hands, and he muttered, "The s-second one! Not the first," though he still sounded pretty embarrassed over that. "D-do you know about t-this morning?" He asked, shyly.

Hisa sighed, and looked up at the sky, the same wan smile on his face. It was easy to keep the smile on, due to reflex of assuring people that he was, indeed, fine. It was an almost natural expression on his face at this point. "I do, but I want to hear it from you." Hisa admitted, after a moment. "Do I need to be concerned?"

"...I don't think so, Hisa-nii," Tsuna replied, face still red, but no longer hiding behind his hands. "It's just...I didn't mean to confess to Kyoko-chan. Even if I did, I wouldn't confess like that! It was embarrassing, Hisa-nii. If Kyoko-chan didn't like me before, she sure as hell won't like me now!"

"No cussing, Tsu-kun," Hisa reprimanded absently, stealing a bite of Tsuna's springroll. He chewed it thoughtfully, as Tsuna yelped and tried to grab the springroll back. As he expertly kept the springroll away, Hisa replied, "What even prompted this morning, Tsu-kun? Did Mama give you spoiled milk?"

"It was the effects of a Dying Will Bullet."

Hisa's eyes sharpened and Tsuna squeaked out, "R-reborn! What are you doing here!?" Hisa finished off Tsuna's springroll, as he met eyes with a baby. Said baby was decked out in a fancy suit, and a fedora, a chameleon resting casually on the broad rim of his hat.

"...Reborn?" Hisa questioned, raising an eyebrow at the baby. "Do you know him, Tsu-kun?" Reborn, why did that sound familiar? Whatever, the baby gave Hisa the creeps, and made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. "And what does he mean, 'Dying Will Bullet'?" Dying Will also sounded awfully familiar, though Hisa couldn't place a finger on where he had heard that term though. It sounded morbid.

"My name is Reborn," the baby announced, padding forward and jumping up between the brothers. He started to eat off of a shocked Tsuna's lunch, and continued, "I'm the World's Greatest Hitman."

Tsuna squawked and Hisa's brain stalled.

H-hitman...?

"...That's a joke, right?" Hisa laughed weakly, and Tsuna was now trying to protect what was left of his lunch to his chest, glaring at the baby. "After all, what would you want with my brother?" Hisa asked, seriously, eyes scanning the innocent looking baby.

The baby had finished wiping his mouth with a napkin, and only smiled at Hisa. "Sawada Tsunayoshi is going to be tutored by me." Reborn explained, flippantly. "He is going to become a great world leader with my help."

Hisa only surveyed Reborn for a few moments, before smiling regretfully, "This has something to do with _Papa_, isn't it?" Reborn gave him a serious look, a dark glint in his eyes. At last, he nodded slightly, even as Tsuna sputtered.

"What does this have to do with my father!?" Tsuna groaned, and looked at Hisa with big eyes. "Hisa-nii, do you know what's going on?" He pleaded, and Hisa laughed, sheepishly, rubbing the back of his head.

"I...don't, not really," Hisa admitted. "But I know enough." Glancing at his watch, lunch was about to end. "Tsu-kun, lunch is about to end. You should head back to class, right?" Tsuna only stared at him, before slowly nodding and gathering up his lunch. "Do your best, Tsu-kun!"

Tsuna blanched, and shot him a panicked look, before smiling at him. "R-right, Hisa-nii." Then he was gone. Leaving Reborn and Hisa alone on the roof. Reborn was staring at Hisa unnervingly, and Hisa felt the need to fidget underneath the baby's intense stare. If Hisa paid close enough attention, he could feel a flicker of warmth tickle his senses, before withdrawing completely.

"...Why are you here, exactly? I may not know much, but I do know that when I was younger, Tsuna was targeted by two immature _hitmen_," Hisa spat the word, "and I know it has something to do with my Papa. So I'd appreciate a bit of honesty," Hisa smiled wanly at the silent baby. "If you would be so kind."

Reborn tilted his head, so that the broad rim of his hat shadowed his face. "The mafia is real. Your father is head of the CDEF, an advisory to the Ninth of the Vongola himself. He is a very important in the underground, and a direct descendent of _Sawada Ieyasu_, the first boss of the Vongola. Meaning, both you and Tsuna are also direct descendants, and thus, eligible heirs to the Vongola title."

Hisa felt a sinking feeling in his gut. "...Tsuna is going to become a mafia boss." He sounded breathless, like someone had punched him in the chest. It didn't hurt, not quite, but it did come as a bit of a shock. _Tsuna_? A _**mafia boss**_?

Reborn looked him in the eye, "I'll train him." He sounded like _that_ was supposed to assure Hisa, whose face had crumpled. _God, god, god,_ Hisa kept on thinking of how _he_ was the oldest, and thus would be the first choice of being the _mafia_ boss, but he _wasn't_ because he was _**too damn sick**_ and now _Tsuna_, his cute little brother, was going to be _forced_-

Hisa's chest hurt now.

"Calm down."

Tsuna was too kind. It was going to _eat him alive_, and Hisa was _pathetic_, and wow, he couldn't breathe.

"Hisa."

Tsuna was going to get _hurt_, and it was all Hisa's fault. It was

his fault because his body was weak, and he could die at any moment, and now Hisa's cute little brother was going to be put in danger. His father. His father knew. His father was apart of this. **What the literal **_*fuck*_? Hisa gripped at his chest, trying to gasp for his breathe, but he couldn't focus on that when _how_ his brother was going to- he-

"Hisa."

Oh god, oh god, he couldn't breathe. Hisa hunched in on himself, trying to calm his erratic heartbeat. It hurt. It hurt a lot. Tsuna's smiling face flashed through his mind, and how could he protect his brother if he was this weak_? Ow. Ow. It hurt. It hurt-

Suddenly, hands was being pressed into chest and back. Hisa's ears were ringing, but a cold voice said, "You're an idiot, Hisa. Calm down." Kyoya. It was Kyoya. "Deep breaths." He sounded angry, but that was so typical of Kyoya. As Kyoya started to count in curt words, Hisa tried to match his breath to it, and the pain loosened in his chest. Kyoya was too close to be comfortable, but he was still murmuring numbers, and Hisa tried to- he did-

Hisa held in a shuddering breath, and released it. It was still too fast to be considered healthy, but fuck, he was able to breathe. He felt lightheaded, and his chest ached, but the ringing in his ears resided. Kyoya was glaring down at him, as Hisa blinked blearily, breathing heavily.

"...Idiot."

"...Thanks," Hisa rasped out, and instantly scanned the roof to find Reborn standing next to him, on the other side of him. He was holding Hisa's finger, and Hisa stared dully at him. "...Er, thanks to you too, I...guess?" Either Hisa was hallucinating, or Reborn was suddenly dressed up in a doctor's outfit, a green stethoscope hanging around his neck.

As Hisa straightened, Kyoya moved back, not far enough to be even a foot away, but close enough in case Hisa collapsed. Reborn stopped holding his finger, and was staring at Hisa rather cautiously. Hisa hated that look, but in the end, Hisa couldn't blame him. A panic attack. What a way to go.

"...Sorry, Reborn," Hisa apologized. "I didn't mean to do that you." His chest was all achy, and he couldn't feel his toes. But he was gaining his composure rather quickly, not willing to take another trip to a hospital. "It was just...a shock, I guess."

"It's okay," Reborn piped up, oddly cheerful for helping Hisa back from a panic attack. "I'll see you at home, seichi," he hopped down from his place beside Hisa's side. He was back in his suit. Somehow. "I must be off." Suddenly, Reborn was floating up and away, a green parachute lifting him away. Hisa and Kyoya stared as the baby disappeared off into the sky.

"...I didn't pass out, did I?" Hisa asked weakly. Kyoya only squinted up at the sky, before grunting and sitting roughly beside him. "Where did you even come from, anyways? Not that I'm not grateful or anything," he smiled wanly at Kyoya, who stared at him intensely.

"I was checking to make sure no stragglers were left behind from lunch," was Kyoya's blunt reply. He eyed Hisa sternly. "What happened?"

"...Reborn told me something startling, I guess," Hisa still couldn't wrap his head around it. "He's going to be tutoring my little brother," at this, Hisa only sighed and stared off into the distance. "...It does have something to do with my father, in the end." At this, Kyoya's eyes sharpened.

"It does?"

"...Mafia."

"..."

Kyoya's eyes were alight. They were gleaming with dangerous intent. The mafia. Wao. So many people to fight. Hisa eyed him warily before standing up shakily, stretching and wincing at how his body ached now.

"I'm going to go lay down in the infirmary," Hisa said. Kyoya didn't say anything, but he did follow him all the way down and hopping in a separate bed as Hisa tiredly crawled into another one. "Night," Hisa slurred, barely hearing Kyoya's replying grunt before he blacked out.

-0-0-0-0-

Kyoya had placed himself against a wall of the gym, staring at the commotion in front of him with distaste. Hisa was left in the infirmary, dead to the world, and heartbeat slightly off. He needed his rest, if he wanted to keep out of the hospital this semester, and he didn't need to know about this.

Mochida and Tsuna were going to 'fight'.

Kyoya sneered at the nearby people, everyone skittering away from him and trying to ignore his presence. Kyoya wanted to tear through them all, just to see their faces, hear their cries. But he refrained, instead popping his neck as he waited for the fight to properly start. Tsuna had yet to come, but Kyoya knew that baby had to have something to do with it, so Tsuna would come. Or probably die if he didn't.

It would be an amusing thought if Tsuna wasn't Hisa's little brother.

And that baby.

Kyoya darkened. That baby was the cause of Hisa's unexpected panic attack. An attack that could have taken Hisa out of commission (die did not coincide with Hisa, in Kyoya's dictionary), and Kyoya had immediately wanted to kill the baby but Hisa was gasping, so Kyoya did something he remembered his father doing to his mother when her body got worked up, when tears had gathered in both of their eyes, and helped Hisa breathe.

It had barely worked, but Kyoya didn't care. Hisa had told him that the mafia was involved, and fuck, if Kyoya wasn't silently excited

for that. But also, Hisa was going to be involved, somehow. If that baby was going to tutor his little brother, Hisa would throw himself headfirst into it just for a _chance_ at protecting his brother. Kyoya didn't understand, but Hisa was just as stubborn as him at his worst moments.

Kyoya watched impassively as Tsuna won his fight, the only sign of his amusement at Tsuna's rather ingenious way of winning was the twitch of his lips. He was the first one to leave the gym, intent on waking Hisa up and dragging him either to his house or Kyoya's. He was going to be done for the day, and knowing Hisa, he'd rather suffer at Kyoya's house rather than face his smothering mother. As Kyoya entered the infirmary, he was pleased to see Hisa already waking up, blinking slowly up at the ceiling. His striking green eyes bleary and unfocused.

"Get up," Kyoya said in a way of a greeting. Hisa only snorted, and withheld a wince at the action. It didn't go unnoticed by Kyoya, but he didn't say anything. "School's over." Hisa sat up gingerly, rubbing at his chest and squinting at Kyoya.

"You let me sleep that long? I missed my afternoon report," Hisa complained, and Kyoya had huffed in response.

"I had Kusakabe do it," as _if_ Kyoya was going to let his work as the Disciplinary Committee leader be disrupted. "Remember, we have a backup in case you're being lazy," Kyoya made sure to sound unimpressed, and Hisa had to smother a laugh, lest his hurt himself doing it.

"Ow," Hisa complained, either jokingly at Kyoya's coarse comment, or at how his chest was probably hurting. Probably both. "Okay, let's go." Kyoya nodded and stood silently off to the side as Hisa gathered himself up, and both of them left the infirmary together. If Hisa had a slower than usual walk, Kyoya didn't say anything. "I need to get my stuff."

"...Tsuna won a fight," Kyoya said, and Hisa had stilled, in the middle of gathering up his school bag. "He won with the help of that _baby_," Kyoya sneered, still distrustful of said baby. It had a name, but Kyoya wasn't going to grace it with such a thing. Not when it had almost caused Hisa-

"Wait, what?" Hisa blinked at him, a frown twitching across his expression. "Tsuna won a....?"

"A fight. Against Mochida."

"...Eh?"

Kyoya snorted, and proceeded to tell him. Hisa was frowning deeply at the end of it all, before finally raising his eyebrows, "...His clothes just popped off?" Kyoya's lips twitched.

"Basically." Kyoya remembered how Tsuna had shouted something about 'Reborn!', and a strange orange flame bursting to life on his head. Something had tugged inside Kyoya, something prickling to his skin, and he had watched with something akin to interest as the fight persisted. It had disappeared when Tsuna returned to normal, looking confused and bashful in his boxers, as others applauded him and

cheered him on.

Kyoya didn't think too much about it.

"That's...er," Hisa scratched his cheek and shook his head. He finished gathering up school bag, and didn't say anything until both of them were leaving the school ground. At last, he said, "And Reborn was...there to help him, right?" He sounded weird, which was common when it came to Tsuna. Kyoya noticed nonetheless.

"Hn," Kyoya said in affirmative.

"...Ah."

When they got to the corner where they would have to part, if any, both had paused. Hisa was staring off in the direction of his home, biting his lip and looking unsure. Kyoya was watching him boredly, and Hisa finally inclined himself in Kyoya's direction. That was enough for Kyoya to start home, with Hisa following him.

"Isn't your brother going to be worried?" Kyoya asked, as they arrived at Kyoya's house. He slipped off his shoes at the doorway, putting them away neatly. He slipped into his house slippers, making sure Hisa did the same. Not that Hisa ever had a bad history of bad etiquette, always trying to be the picture of utmost normal and _fine_.

"If Reborn is there, I'm not worried," Hisa replied. "If anything is wrong, I'm sure they'll call me." Hisa sounded unsure of _that_, Kyoya knew. After all, who would call _him_? A sickly teenager, no matter if he was apart of the infamous DC; no, Hisa's mother still thinks of Hisa as the premature baby who almost died, her firstborn at 19, her _baby_.

Hisa was uncomfortable with her smothering nature, but what could he do?

Kyoya sneered at the thought of Hisa's mother. Sure, Hisa told him that she had good intentions, but she was too _smothering_, and she still thinks her youngest son as a no-good. What kind of mother does that? Kyoya didn't like her. He didn't like a lot of people, to be _fair_, but there was few that he didn't like _personally_. Sawada Nana was one of them, despite Hisa's protests.

"Where is Kusakabe?" Hisa asked, as both of them settled into Kyoya's room. He was leaning against on the screens that lead to the outer walkway of the house. Kyoya's house, much to his pleasure, was a huge and traditional Japanese house, unlike the modernized houses that Japan was intent on making. Cheap and quick construction that was just _disgusting_.

Kyoya was opposite of Hisa, as both of them stared out into the traditional Japanese garden Kyoya's mother had took care of before she died. Hisa made some effort into it, and still does, much to Kyoya's distaste and pleasure. Pleasure that his mother's legacy is being upheld, and distaste at being reminded so much of _her_. Kyoya didn't say anything to Hisa about it.

"He's in charge of tonight's patrols," Kyoya answered, sniffing. His father was out, almost always out, but Kyoya didn't mind. He liked

being alone. Hisa, as always, was the exception most of the time. Even then, Hisa's presence got wearing and Hisa understood, didn't judge him for it when Kyoya retreated.

Hisa snorted, "First, he takes care of my afternoon report; now your evening patrols? Isn't that a bit too much?" Kyoya doubted it, Kusakabe was always eager to please. His 'right-hand', as it were.

"He can handle it," Kyoya didn't trust him for nothing after all. Barely trusted him, but that was more than enough because Kyoya didn't trust much.

"Ah, sure, sure," Hisa agreed, grinning. "He's pretty handy. I wish I could be like that," he laughed. Kyoya only gave him a glance. "So what do you think of my brother's new tutor? And the mafia, while we're at it?" Kyoya sighed, closing his eyes. He didn't trust Reborn; he wanted to see if the mafia was as dangerous as it was made out to be, and see if he could thrive..

"That baby isn't trustworthy, and the mafia sounds dangerous," Kyoya emphasized, not out of concern, but eager. Hisa gave him an exasperated look, fidgeting with his cardigan. He always wore some cardigan or pullover of some sort, always from his mom, and almost because those were warm. Kyoya couldn't imagine being as cold as Hisa was, but it sounded terrible. His mother was cold too, blankets piled high and always a pot of hot tea settling near by.

"Reborn is rather suspicious," Hisa agreed. "But apparently, he's also the greatest hitman in the world, and this is the mafia..." he trailed off, thoughtfully. "Wouldn't he be the best choice for him?" Kyoya grunted, eyes gleaming. World's greatest. What a title; Kyoya wanted to fight him and see if that was true. "Also, my brother is going to be a mafia boss."

Hisa sounded wrecked. Kyoya only frowned deeper.

"Is that wrong?" Kyoya hedged. "He'll stop being a herbivore," and maybe actually stop being such a pathetic whimp. Not that he would tell Hisa that, but he was pretty sure Hisa already knew what Kyoya had thought, and was scowling at him.

"He's Tsuna," Hisa stressed. "He couldn't hurt a fly!"

Kyoya huffed, "And maybe after all his 'tutoring', he can actually pick up a flyswatter." Hisa stared at him, before having to stifle his amusement in his hand. Kyoya tried not to smirk in pleasure; it was always nice to see Hisa laugh. Or maybe it was because someone actually found Kyoya's dry comments amusing.

Most people called him mean, which he was. Still, it was nice to get some credit.

As long as they weren't laughing at him.

"Well, that would be helpful," Hisa's giggles finally subsided, but he was looking lost again. "I don't know. I want to trust Reborn, but I can't trust the mafia. And I'm too weak to do anything about it, even if I decided that no, my little brother is not going to do anything about it." Kyoya only hummed in agreement. "...I could have

been a mafia boss if I wasn't so weak."

Kyoya couldn't say anything against that. Hisa's own guilt at his own body would have overridden anything Kyoya could have said anyways.

-0-0-0-0-

"What do you mean he threw dynamite at you!?"

"It's okay now, Hisa-nii!"

"I was just testing Jyuudime's position as the 10th! He is truly a respectable boss, I'll protect him with my life, Hisa-sama!"

"THAT DOESN'T EXCUSE- I MEAN-"

-0-0-0-0-

BOOM

Hisa tried not to flinch as the explosion made the house vibrate. He was sitting at the kitchen table, trying to fill in his evening report to send to Kyoya (seeing as of that Hisa couldn't see him personally) and trying very hard not to rush up to see if his brother was okay. It was all apart of Reborn's tutoring, and despite how much Hisa disliked it, Tsuna's grades were going up.

Another explosion sounded through the house. The doorbell rang a few times.

"Oh?" Nana looked up from cooking, as Hisa finally shoved his headphones down and sent the email to Kyoya. "I think someone's at the door. I'll go get it, Hisa-kun," Nana stopped by him and kissed him on his cheek, before fluttering out the kitchen. Hisa sighed, and played with his sleeves. He always came down to see if he could help with dinner, each time getting rebuked, but maybe one day.

Hisa's hopes weren't that high.

When Nana came back, she looked confused. "Who was at the door, Mama?" Hisa asked, as she stopped by again, this time to ruffle his hair affectionately.

"I think one of Reborn's friends," Hisa blinked. Then paled, that couldn't mean anything good. Hisa stood up and made his way upstairs, opening the door to see a bright explosion just right outside of Tsuna's window. Tsuna looked shell-shocked, and Reborn looked impassive.

"Hisa-nii!" Tsuna wailed in greeting, as he turned towards him. Hisa opened his mouth, then closed it. He couldn't find anything to say, so he just smiled weakly. "That- who- Did you let Lambo in?" Hisa blinked.

"Who?"

"A kid, he said he knew Reborn. Even tried to kill him," Tsuna looked at Reborn. "Do you know him, Reborn?"

"I never met him before in my life," Reborn said, much to Tsuna's shock. Hisa sighed, and shut the door, quietly excusing himself to go to his room. Before he left, he could hear Reborn explain how the Bovino Family was considered 'lowly', and that he didn't associate with him because of that. He sounded oddly...cool.

Hisa slammed his door shut and sat down at his bed. Lately, he could do nothing but watch as Reborn tutored his little brother. While it was mostly schoolwork, Reborn had been kicking it into Tsuna's head (literally) about being a good 'mafia boss', and how he should treat his family (AKA: Gokudera). Hisa tried not to think about how Reborn said family, and then casually left Hisa out of it. He also tried not to think about how Reborn seemed to be shielding Hisa away from most of Tsuna's training. Hisa had yet to see Tsuna's 'dying will mode'.

He wasn't sure if he wanted to, if Tsuna's clothes came tearing apart.

But still, how Reborn seemed to be alienating Hisa from his own brother. Hisa frowned, and tried to think of a reason. Nothing other than trying to keep the unhealthy boy from most of the action came to mind, and Hisa felt so discredited. He wasn't always on the verge of- well. Hisa's first meeting with Reborn had sunk into a panic attack. Still. Hisa wanted to be apart of Tsuna's life. It felt as if he needed to be, simply because he was Tsuna's big brother.

(And Tsuna was the only one who could make Hisa feel as if he was more than an unhealthy boy who was going to die. Please don't take him away from me. Not yet.)

The next day at school, Hisa noticed that a little kid was hanging around his brother. Lambo, that was Lambo, wasn't it? Kyoya only sneered in his brother's direction, unhappy at how quickly that it was Tsuna who was causing the most disturbances around Namimori. Hisa could only shrug helplessly, unable to do anything but watch as well.

He was wandering around school, unconsciously trying to catch a glimpse of his brother. He followed a group of giggly girls, some of them offering him their treats from Home Ec. He politely declined, smiling wanly. Kyoko looked disappointed when he denied hers, and he subtly tried to suggest to her to give hers to Tsuna. Hisa only watched from across the hallway, as the girls flooded into Tsuna's classroom, smiling slightly when he heard the commotion.

Of course, he had noticed when a random woman came by and...well. Chaos ensued, and Hisa had stood straight from where he was leaning against the wall, unsure of what to do. Call in some DC? Call Kyoya? Or was this just another Reborn-induced scenario? Hisa tiptoed forward, peaking into the classroom. The woman didn't care to notice him, which was fine by him, and he watched as Kyoko tried to give Tsuna her cake.

A cake that did not look like that just a few minutes ago.

What the hell? Tsuna looked queasy. Hisa wanted to step in, but the woman's hand shot out, tugging him back and into her chest. He struggled slightly, unhappy. This had to be something Reborn orchestrated, right? It had to be.

"Shh," the woman muttered into his ear, and Hisa fell limp. He was so unhappy with how his life was turning out, and he wasn't very happy with it to begin with. He hated being so helpless when it came to his brother, when it came to this life, because while being Harry Potter sucked most of the time, he was allowed to live.

When a gunshot rang through the air, Hisa elbowed the woman away, intent on grabbing his brother and getting out. But his brother...

So that's dying will mode. Huh.

Hisa watched as Tsuna's clothes came off, a strange orange flame bursting to life on his head, and something warm tickled his senses. It made him feel warm, and Hisa couldn't tear his attention away from Tsuna as he proceeded to eat literally all the treats all the girls made. Something in him tugged and-

Hisa fell forward, gasping. Something in him ached and it made him nauseous, and it hurt. It hurt and- The woman behind him gasped and tried to pick him up from the floor, tugging him out into the hallway. God, he was relapsing. He was relapsing, Hisa knew, but he couldn't think of why. He took his medicine this morning, he remembers his mother berating him for not taking it before his breakfast when he promised to take it afterwards. How-

God, it hurt. Something inside him was raging, and lashing out, and his body was relapsing. His heart hurt with how fast it was beating. The woman was murmuring to him, panicked, and something was held to his lips, and he was forced to choke it down. He tried to throw it up, but the woman clamped a hand over his mouth.

And then Hisa passed out.

When he woke up, he was in the ICU. And Reborn was there. Hisa had blinked blearily at him, confused at where he was. Then he remembered, and his body ached in remembrance, and Reborn was watching him with his dark eyes. "Ciaossu."

"...Reborn," Hisa rasped. "What- How- where?"

Reborn's fedora tipped forward, shadowing his face. "You had relapsed in the middle of school. Everyone is worried, and you are in the ICU for relapsing so harshly. You aren't allowed any visitors." Hisa didn't even try to sit up, his body felt too mullish for that. Instead, he raised an eyebrow at Reborn's very obvious defiance of 'no visitors'. Not even Kyoya dared to break that rule.

"And you are not allowed to be around Tsuna anymore for the duration of his training." Reborn continued, and Hisa had to remember to breathe for a second, his heart monitor stuttering for a bit.
What?

What?

Not be around Tsuna. His little brother? What was Reborn saying? Hisa felt confused, then angry. Who the hell was Reborn to be telling him this? Always talking about family, always trying to keep Tsuna on his toes, Hisa was Tsuna's family. Tsuna was apart of

Hisas family, and to not be around him when he was training to be in the mafia. Hisa stared at Reborn, before dropping all pretense of confused and polite, dropping the wan smiles and 'I'm fine's because this was not fine and Hisa was going to let him know-

"Why?" Hisa questioned, angrily. Tiredly, but nonetheless angry. Confused. "I'm his brother. Why are you trying-" Hisa gestured angrily, unable to finish his question. He hated how his eyes burned, with rage but it made him seem to weak. Who cried when angry? He wiped at his eyes hastily.

Reborn didn't say anything for a moment.

"Flames of the Sky." Reborn said suddenly, turning towards him. "There are 7. Sun, Storm, Lightning, Rain, Cloud, Mist. And last, but not least, Sky. Every human is born with them, and they are all apart of their personalities. Their dying will, so to speak. How strong someone's will is, the more likely they are able to activate their flames and be able to use them." Hisa tried not to stall when he took this information in, still angry and confused. He processed this information, his anger dying away with each slow breath he took. His weak but steady heartbeat music to his ears.

He was so tired.

"And?"

"You don't have one. You weren't born with one. Because of that, you shouldn't be alive." Reborn's blunt explanation made Hisa sputter. He didn't have one? How? Was it because he was reincarnated? He didn't have magic, and he had no access to flames. "A doctor had implemented his own Mist flames into your body, making your body think it has them. It doesn't, but your body doesn't know that. So when you get worked up, your body tries to catch up, using it's 'own' flames. That only results in you relapsing, because you don't have a flame."

Hisa was frowning now. He tried to remember his own question, but at the information that he was born with something that apparently was in all humans..."And what does this have to do with my interaction with Tsuna?"

"Tsuna has a Sky flame. It's the most rarest and sought after flame in the underground. Each flame has a personality, and each flame has it's own power, so to speak. Sky flames have the ability to harmonize. They tug at other flames, which is why flames are called Flames of the Sky." Hisa only stared helplessly at Reborn, not liking where this was going. Tug at other flames? But Hisa didn't have one, so-

"What do you mean?" Hisa asked bleakly, hoarsely. So, so tired.

"Being around your brother will kill you."

* * *

><p>Review, favorite, follow, or whatever you do on stories that you read.</p>

More things will be expanded upon in the next chapter.

At least, that's the plan.

-mms

End
file.